

1-31-1978

Henri Temianka Correspondence; (adalton)

Alison Dalton

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Henri Temianka Correspondence; (adalton)

Description

This collection contains material pertaining to the life, career, and activities of Henri Temianka, violin virtuoso, conductor, music teacher, and author. Materials include correspondence, concert programs and flyers, music scores, photographs, and books.

Keywords

Henri Temianka, Alison Dalton, January 31, 1978, virtuosity in musical performance, culture, violinist, violin, chamber music, camaraderie, love, music education, recreation and entertainment, health and sickness, concert tour, music recital, good weather, orchestra, Mexico

(1)

Jan. 31, 1978

Dearest Mr. Semianka,

I was so glad to receive your letter yesterday. I certainly hope your flu isn't lingering as mine did. It is quite difficult for me to imagine you in any state of infirmity. All these years I have only been acquainted with an exceedingly exuberant and healthy man and news of your illness has really been making me stretch my imaginative powers. Anyway, I hope you are recovered, up and around.

Things have really not improved since my phone conversation with you. Today, I received perhaps the worst blow

off and write to you because you
are the only ^{one} who can truly understand
how my heart has been broken today.

Enclosed is Kelly Clark's recital program.
Perhaps she sent you one already. However,
my mother made the mistake (although
she couldn't know - we've been apart so
long for her to recall and be sensitive
about my sensitivities) of sending this
program along in a letter today.

Reading of Kelly's program, I became ex-
tremely humiliated and grief-stricken. Of
course you may well remember the way
I have always felt about my relationship
with Kelly. There was a certain rivalry

(3) and tense competition which I always felt. Even though we stuck close together (circumstances always put us near one another and why not get along with someone if you are so closely sharing the same experiences), I realize now that we never understood each other very well and am therefore unable to analyze why I always have and do feel inferior to her.

But today, I really couldn't take it. I know and am constantly reminded of my lack of success here and this new discovery of Ledy's success made my failure too shocking a reality.

I don't dislike Ledy. But our paths

forked long ago and I don't want
to suffer the humiliation of an "I told
you so" from Kelly. (She disapproved
highly of my going away to school, thought
it was a dangerous and very conceited
move).

And now I'm trying to decide if
indeed it has all been a mistake. It
just isn't fair that I should be having
the hard time I am without much re-
ward and Kelly should be progressing
and ^{still} enjoying her family, home, friends
and safety of Provo.

Is it right to hope that someday I'll

(5)

be able to look back and say, "Well, I've taken the harder road and am a better person and musician for it"?

Anyway, I've just unburdened my "gripe for the day" on you and hope and am sure you will have some sound advice for me. I did appreciate the little saying you included in your last letter, "That which does not destroy me makes me stronger." I was also pleased to hear of your student days in Paris because I've never really taken the opportunity (not wishing to be impertinent) to ask you very much about

your student and childhood days.

As for my studies at school, I find each day as if it were to be my last at school and therefore am trying harder and appreciating more my situation here.

I can't, of course, make a decision as yet, about leaving Cairo. I do know, however, that problems will be found in any situation so it doesn't do any good to run away from one set of them hoping the next place will be better. The trick is to stay and deal with hardship and learn from it.

Each day I find myself evaluating the gains of coming to Los Angeles as

remaining in Philadelphia.

In L.A. I would be with you. The student-teacher relationship would be wonderful. The weather is beautiful. I love the city. I'm close to family and friends.

But am I being strengthened by not having these things right now?

And where would I live in L.A.? And I'd probably have to get a car if I wanted to get around at all. And school would involve expense which I don't have now and I wouldn't have the marvelous and unique theory & self-education training I receive here. I'd also lose the special student-body relationship.

there is among so many great talents.
That in itself is inspiring. Orchestra is
also rewarding.

But the most important thing, personal
musical development, is not taking place.

So, the question is, do I give all the many
important things up at Curtis for the one
most important thing?...Do I leave Philly
for assured progress in L.A.? Will I be-
come a well-rounded musician anywhere
but Curtis? What will my parents think?
(They weren't too happy with the thought of
my leaving Curtis).

Will you be in L.A. this summer? I
think I will stay in Provo & go to BYU this
summer instead of Mexico and would love to
visit you in Calif.

Love, Alison

[[Nick Dante 8/31/17]]

[[Henri Temianka Correspondence
Alison Dalton
Letter #7]]

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(1)

Jan. 31, 1978

Dear Mr. Temianka,

I was so glad to receive your letters yesterday. I certainly hope your flu isn't lingering as mine did. It is quite difficult for me to imagine you in any state of infirmity. All these years I have only been acquainted with an exceedingly exuberant and healthy man and news of your illness has really been making me stretch my imaginative [[illegible]]. Anyway, I hope you are recovered, up and around.

Things have really not improved since my phone conversation with you. Today, I received perhaps the worst blow

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long for her to recall and be sensitive
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Reading of Kelly's program, I became ex-
tremely humiliated and grief-stricken. Of
course you may well remember the way
I have always felt about my relationship
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(3)

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But today, I really couldn't take it. I know and am constantly reminded of my lack of success here and this new discovery of Kelly's success made my failure too shocking a reality.

I don't dislike Kelly. But our paths

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forked long ago and I don't want
to suffer the humiliation of an "I told
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highly of my going away to school, thought
it was a dangerous and very conceited
move.)

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and still enjoying her family, home, friends
and safety of Provo.

Is it right to hope that someday I'll

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(5)

be able to look back and say, “Well, I’ve taken the harder road and am a better person and musician for it” ?

Anyway, I’ve just unburdened my “gripe for the day” on you and hope and am sure you will have some sound advice for me. I did appreciate the little saying you included in your last letter, “That which does not destroy me makes me stronger.” I was also pleased to hear of your student days in Paris because I’ve never really taken the opportunity (not wishing to be impertinent) to ask you very much about

[[Page 6 – Letter]]

your student and childhood days.

As for my studies at school, I face each day as if it were to be my last at school and therefore am trying harder and appreciating more my situation here.

I can't, of course, make a decision, as yet, about leaving Curtis. I do know, however, that problems will be found in any situation so it doesn't do any good to run away from one set of them hoping the next place will be better. The trick is to stay and deal with hardship and learn from it.

Each day I find myself evaluating the gains of coming to Los Angeles or

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remaining in Philadelphia.

In L.A. I would be with you. The student-teacher relationship would be wonderful. The weather is beautiful. I love the city. I'm close to family and friends.

But am I being strengthened by not having these things right now?

And where would I live in L.A.? And I'd probably have to get a car if I wanted to get around at all. And school would involve expense which I don't have now and I wouldn't have the marvelous and unique theory of solfege training I received here. I'd also lose the special student-body relationship

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there is among so many great talents.
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Love, Alison